



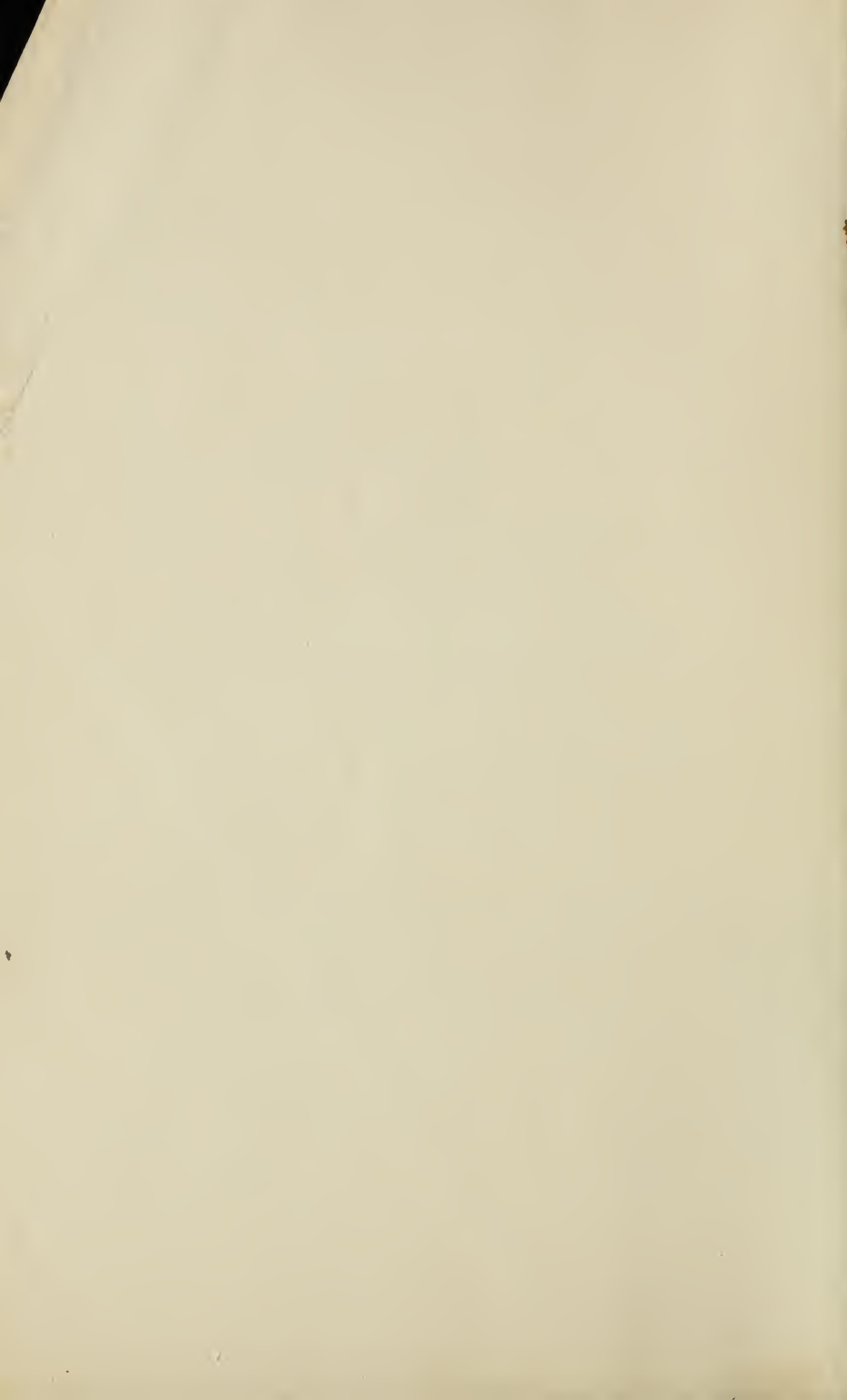
VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT

CLASS BOOK.

1902

HOP





MCMLII

THIS IS OUR CLASS BOOK

The other

— Class Things —

are as follows :

Our Class Flower, . . .	Yellow Chrysanthemum.
Our Class Motto, . . .	"Vincit qui se vincit."
Our Class Colors, . . .	Green and Gold.
Our Class Printers, . . .	Sentinel Printing Co. W. F. Lawrence.
Our Class Photographers,	Peterson & Reardon.
Our Class Poet, . . .	Clara Lamb.
Our Class Fool, . . .	Newcombe.
Our Class Mascot, . . .	Ruth Wallace.
Our Class Jonah, . . .	Charles Wiggins Cobb.
Our Class Debater, . . .	Samuel Claman.
Our Class Pet, . . .	Robbins.
Our Class Enemies, . . .	E. A. H., A. E. N., G. P. H.
Our Class Friends, . . .	Everybody.

Board of Editors.

V. O. GEOFFRION, . . . *Editor-in-Chief.*
S. W. KNIGHT, . . . *Associate Editor.*
H. RUGG, { *Advertising.*
S. CLAMAN, {
H. O. PRATT, ... *Sketches.*

RUTH WALLACE.

HELEN PUTNAM.

LORENA LOWE.

F. H. S. Alphabet.

NOTE.—The following poem was stolen by some thieving Juniors and secreted in the Charter Oak. By a desperate attempt we succeeded in regaining this stolen treasure, and rather than deprive our readers of any of the material of our Class Book we take this method of introducing it to the public.

- A** is for Andy, And he is no fool,
Although he teaches the Fitchburg High School.
- B** is for Billy, of drawing fame,
Also for Beatrice, her Business the same.
Misses Blanchard and Brown we had Better mention,
And 'tis Best that Banty be given some attention.
- C** is for Cobb, for Charles and Conceit,
He is somewhat Clumsy in Controlling his feet.
- D** is for Demerit, O kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven.
- E** is Exam. and Exertion we Expend
In Evading all Errors from beginning to End.
- F** is for Football, a Frightful game,
For Freshman, too, a more Frightful name.
- G** is for Geoffrion, of Genius Great,
His many Graces are Gifts of fate.
- H** is for Hitchcock, Heartless and Haughty,
He's Horribly Hard on boys who are naughty.
- I** is Instruction which Imparts Intelligence
In Intellects of those Inspired by diligence.
- J** is for Jessie, for dear little Jack,
But being a Junior she must go way back.
- K** is for Knight, we give him a place,
As we need some "Kid" to fill up the space.

F. H. S. ALPHABET.

- L** is for Learning, which we earnestly desire,
We Look for Lore to make our Logic higher.
- M** is for Merriam, he thinks he is Much,
But his Mistakes are Many when his thoughts are such.
- N** is for Newcomb, who has a Notion
That of this whole earth he is the greatest portion.
- O** is the Office where Occasionally Occur
Scenes which make the stoutest heart stir;
For Obnoxious conduct Offenders are sent
To interview powers Omnipotent.
- P** is a Plane which embraces much:
Propositions, Proofs, Problems and such;
Perpendiculars and Polygons we manage well,
And we easily Prove lines Parallel.
- Q** is Queer Question, our greatest foe,
For the Query's answer is, "I don't know."
- R** is Recitations. We must confess
That we Really prefer the period of Recess.
- S** is Miss Smith, of Stature Stout,
And Misses Sargent and Spaulding will not be left out.
- T** is for Teachers, an unruly mob;
We wonder how some of them got their job.
- U** is the Uproar heard at recess,
When all are enjoying supreme happiness.
- V** is Vacation, the only time
That we can rest in a change of clime.
- W** is the Why Which obstructs our Way—
Why is Miss Woodward allowed to stay?
- X** is Xcuse. It is the rule
When absent or tardy to bring one to school.
- Y** is the Youth of the freshman class,
Who enters the high school as green as grass.
- Z** is the Zeal to all things extended.
No more can be said, for the alphabet is ended.

Just a Word

Before You Read Our Class Book.

IN the first place we wish to speak of the change, and new departures which have been made from former models. The latter, if we may be allowed to criticise, have been for the most part cheap and carelessly written advertising pamphlets. Noticing this we have taken infinite pains, have carefully written ours, and as carefully arranged the text. Of course there are a few mistakes, but we who write are not professional authors. Yet we can safely say that we have replaced the former horse laughs and coarse wit by a more intelligent, refined, sparkling humor, giving scholar and teacher a harmless view of themselves as others see them. Incidentally we have introduced several new features, namely, the Prophecy, the Will, the Glee Club and some others.

We extend our most cordial thanks to those who have rendered their aid in the production and successful publication, especially to Harland Pratt, '02, whose drawings are marvelous and whose genius has herein asserted itself. The *Sentinel* staff comes in for a share of our gratitude, as does Algodt K. Peterson. Don't fail to read our advertisers' notices at the back of the book. We have personally visited every concern which has advertised, and find its special claims to be fully and capably backed. Class of '02, give them your patronage.

Respectfully submitted,

THE COMMITTEE.



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Dear Alma Mater, we leave you now
Forever, to return no more;
We go to swell the ranks of those—
Our elders—gone before.
We are loath to leave these classic halls,
Where play has mixed with work,
To step in life, where those who win
Must toil and never shirk.
But hopeful, we, to perform our tasks
With courage staunch and true,
And battling win, to reflect bright here
The credit due to you.
One lingering look, one long farewell,
We lose you, and you us;
One last fond glance, one sad adieu,
Good-bye, our voice is hushed.





Nulli sapere casu obtingit.



List of Faculty.

Arranged (with exception of Principal) in order of length of term of teaching.

George P. Hitchcock,	<i>Principal.</i>
E. Adams Hartwell,	<i>Sciences.</i>
A. Eugene Nolen,	<i>Greek, Virgil, Cicero.</i>
William Briggs,	<i>Drawing, Manual Training.</i>
Irene C. Cowles,	<i>French, English.</i>
Elizabeth A. H. Sleeper,	<i>French.</i>
Caroline F. Fairbanks,	<i>Mathematics.</i>
Althea V. Sleeper,	<i>History, English, Latin.</i>
Mary C. Smith,	<i>History.</i>
Alice W. Brown,	<i>Bookkeeping, English.</i>
Sarah L. O'Toole,	<i>English.</i>
Grace E. Blanchard,	<i>History, English.</i>
Maud L. Gifford,	<i>Algebra, History, Latin.</i>
William W. Obear,	<i>Chemistry, Mathematics.</i>
Charles W. Cobb,	<i>Mathematics.</i>
Mabel A. Fitz,	<i>Shorthand.</i>
Mary L. Clark,	<i>Mathematics, History.</i>
Stella A. Woodward,	<i>German, English.</i>
Martha A. Sargent,	<i>English, Latin.</i>
Charles T. Woodbury,	<i>Physics.</i>
Elwell F. Kimball,	<i>Manual Training.</i>
Alice H. Spaulding,	<i>English.</i>
Eleanor L. Wiley,	<i>Typewriting.</i>
Beatrice M. Briggs,	<i>Drawing.</i>
Helen F. Stratton,	<i>Librarian.</i>

Class of 1902.

Officers.

<i>President,</i>	. . .	HARRY CALEB MERRIAM.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	. .	ELSIE CUSHING DAMON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	. . .	ANNA L. DICKINSON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	. . .	FLOYD C. REEVES.

Boys.

John Wallace Anderson.

Arthur J. Ashline,
Football, '01.

Henry Waldo Barker,
Football Team, '00, '01; Capt. Baseball Team, '01, '02; Basket
Ball Team.

Richard L. Burnap.

Samuel Claman,
Debater, '01; Class Book Committee, '02; Vice-President F. H. S.
A. A., '02, Debating Club, '00.

Walter Baker Clifford,
Second Junior Class Party Committee, '01; First Senior Class Party
Committee, '02; Glee Club; Debating Club; Basket Ball Team.

Francis A. Cogswell,
Committee on Class Pictures; Baseball Team, '00, '01.

John P. Connor,
Glee Club.

Paul Leander Cumings,
First Junior Class Party, '01; Monument Decorating Committee;
Gardner Reception Committee; Chairman Senior Class Party, '02;
Promenade Committee, '02; Committee on Class Pictures, '02.

Roland Leslie Dempsey.

THE CLASS.

Michael F. Donnelly,

Glee Club; Promenade Committee, '02.

Charles F. Fairbanks.

Leon Stimson Field,

Debating Club; Promenade Committee, '02.

Harvey Oscar Gilmore.

Victor Oscar Geoffrion,

First Junior Class Party Committee, '01; Football Team, '00, '01; Glee Club, '01, '02; Treasurer F. H. S. A. A., '02; Chairman Class Book Committee, '02; Promenade Decorating Committee, '01; Chairman Second Senior Resolutions, '02; Chairman Sleighride Committee, '02; Debating Club, '00; Manager Baseball Team, '02; "K. O. B."

George Eliot Hardy,

Football, '00; Captain, '01; Basket Ball, '02; Track Team, '00, '01, '02.

George W. Harris,

Promenade Committee, '02.

Robert Horace Holton.

Henry S. Hubbell,

President Junior Year, '01.

Stuart W. Knight,

Track Team, '00, '01, '02; Glee Club, '01, '02; Class Book Committee, '02; Second Junior Class Party, '01; Debating Club, '00; Monument Decorating Committee; Football Team, '01, '02 (sub).

Emile Joseph LaRue.

James F. Leahy,

Football.

Guy R. Lowe,

Secretary A. A.; Fraternity; Chairman Committee on Class Pictures.

John J. McCue,

Baseball.

Clifton D. Merriam.

Harry Caleb Merriam,

President Senior Year, '02; Gardner Reception Committee; Glee Club; Chairman Promenade Committee, '02.

Eugene E. Munn,
Fraternity.

Jeremiah Mathew Nash.

Guy H. Newcombe,
Glee Club; Debating Club; Chairman Promenade Decorating Committee, '01; Class Motto and Flower Committee, '01; First Senior Class Resolutions Committes, '02.

William J. O'Brien,
Baseball.

Floyd C. Reeves,
Treasurer Senior Class, '02; Gardner Reception Committee, '02; Promenade Committee, '02.

William Arthur Robbins,
Glee Club; Debating Club; Senior Class Party, '02; Promenade Decorating Committee, '01.

Harold Rugg,
Class Book Committee, '02.

Clarence Philip Sands,
Promenade Committee, '02.

Carl M. Walker,
Secretary Junior Class, '01; Resolutions Committee, '02.

Girls.

Amy L. Andrews.

Jessie M. Andrews.

Edith D. Babbitt,
Promenade Committee, '02.

Agnes P. Bachmann.

Lucy Goldsmith Bailey.

Hollace M. Bigelow.

Laura E. Brown,
Promenade Committee, '02.

Annie Congram,
Promenade Committee, '02.

THE CLASS.

Annie Bernadette Courtney,

Promenade Committee, '02.

Mary Florence Curtis.

Anna L. Dacey.

Elsie Cushing Damon,

First Junior Class Party Committee, '02; Promenade Decorating Committee, '01; Vice-President of Senior Class, '02; Gardner Reception Committee, '02; Promenade Committee, '02.

Anna L. Dickinson,

Treasurer Junior Class, '01; Promenade Decorating Committee, '01; Secretary of Senior Class, '02; Gardner Reception Committee, '02; Promenade Committee, '02.

Maud A. Ellis.

Agnes Mary Flynn.

Mary Gernberg.

Mary G. Gillis,

Promenade Committee, '02.

Ruth Mabel Hayes,

Promenade Committee, '02.

Mary L. Johnson,

Committee on Class Pictures.

Gertrude May Joslin.

Clara Anna Lamb,

Committee on Class Pictures; Class Poetess.

Maude L. Lamson.

Clara LeMay.

Irene M. Lowe,

Ring and Pin Committee, '01; Debating Club, '00; Gardner Reception Committee, '02.

Annie Margaret Lowe,

Third Junior Class Party Committee, '01; Promenade Decorating Committee, '01; Gardner Reception Committee, '02.

Lorena May Lowe,

Ring and Pin Committee, '01; Class Book Committee, '02.

Mabel H. Miner.

Ethel Josephine Manning.

Mary L. Olmstead.

Mary J. O'Neil.

Lena R. Potter,

Gardner Reception Committee, '02.

Helen E. Putnam,

Chairman Second Junior Class Party, '01; Ring and Pin Committee, '01; Second Senior Resolutions Committee, '02; Class Book Committee, '02.

Alice May Scarborough.

Alice L. Scripture.

Honora Josephine Shea.

Ellen E. Shaw.

Frances D. Smith.

Martha C. Stimson,

Second Senior Resolutions Committee, '02.

Stella B. Stockwell.

Charlotte A. Tracey.

Ruth Inez Wallace,

Second Junior Class Party, '01; Debating Club, '00; Class Book Committee, '02.

Mary Gertrude Walsh.

Bertha E. Wellington,

Class Motto and Flower Committee, '01.

Helen Elisabeth Woodward,

First Junior Class Party Committee, '01; First Senior Class Party Committee, '02.

Ruth Allen Woodward,

Second Junior Class Party Committee, '01; Gardner Reception Committee, '02; Chairman Committee to Decorate Monument, '02.

Class History.

IN September of the year 1897 the present class of '02 entered the high school as Ninth Graders. Although not yet members of the high school proper, we soon distinguished ourselves as the class of '02, and at this early period of our existence made a name for ourselves which would continue to be sounded through all eternity, even had we not been continually adding fresh honors to its fame.

We immediately became familiar with all phases of high school life and mastered all the mysteries of the building, with the possible exception of Prof. Hartwell, who puzzled us not a little at first, but we soon came to realize that he was there merely for our amusement. Miss Hunt was so impressed by the subtlety of our intellects that she dubbed us the "Slippery Innocents," and many a heart has quailed at the mere mention of the "Slippery Innocent Gang."

One winter's morning Miss Hunt (we called her "Featherweight") slipped and fell on the way to school, which was very hard. This was an outrageous deed and one that shocked our very souls, so at that recess we held a trial under the charge of destroying city property. The stern and solemn Knight sat as judge, Geoffrion was the prosecuting city attorney, Hubbell represented the defendant, while the inhabitants of Room 39 composed the witnesses and jurymen. Long and fierce raged the

debate. But the glowing eloquence of Geoffrion finally overpowered the feebler defense of Hubbell, who insisted that such an innocent-looking prisoner could not be guilty of such an atrocious crime. After a sitting behind locked doors the jury rendered the verdict—*guilty*. Naught remained but for Judge Knight to pronounce the fearful penalty. The crowded throng in the court room listened with bated breath as His Honor, all dignity and austerity, slowly rose and spoke the sentence, "Thou shall not bestow upon any of the participants of this solemn trial, nor upon their friends, nor upon the entire Ninth Grade, any demerits furthermore during this school year." This sentence explains why "many of the participants of this solemn trial" are still in school.

By the time we became Freshmen our reputation had grown to be as boundless as Prof. Cobb's infinity. The upper-class men watched our rapid development with admiration, which was not unmixed with jealousy. How could they help being a little envious? Was not the truth slowly but surely dawning upon them that we were their superiors? No Sophomore dared invade our sacred precincts. Even the Seniors did not seek to impede us, nor trip us up when we walked through "Lover's Lane" to the school library for reference works.

Nothing ever heard of equalled our popularity as Sophomores. Scholars and teachers alike had learned to respect us. The material in our class was matchless, our resources unlimited. Several of our men did excellent work on the track team, notably Hardy, Grubb, Knight, Hubbell and A. C. Mayne. Hosmer and Schragle upheld the honors of '02 in the basket ball games. The football team would have been incomplete without Ryan, Moran, Downie and Grubb

CLASS HISTORY.

of '02. The baseball nine was composed mostly of '02 men, viz.: O'Brien, Darch, McCue, Barker, Ryan and Burdo.

A truly great event happened during our Sophomore year and one worthy of being most carefully noted. Imagine the emotions which swept like a tidal wave through our bosoms as instead of Mr. Kimball, dearly beloved and highly popular both as a football hero and as a genial master, a new member greeted our eyes. We can never forget that high forehead, those intellectual eyebrows, that sharp visage and those well-molded features. No, we can never forget. Many a batch of "1000 words" was written, many a slip of paper cleaned up from the floor, many a demerit ladled out, but still the supply was ever ready to meet the demand. At last, however, he showed signs of relenting, and victory, as usual, was ours. The white-winged dove of peace again reigned supreme in Room 23. We were the only class that ever got the best of Mr. Cobb. He has been able to manage those who have since sat in his room with his thumb and forefinger.

In that same year two members of the class of 1901 planned a poster-paint-pot raid upon 1900. Looking for recruits in their own class, they were surprised to find only one endowed with sufficient courage to run the risk of being "nabbed" (*i. e.*, pinched). Taking pity on them, no less than five recruits from '02 enrolled upon their side and were directly responsible for the many dainty decorations which appeared in prominent places the next morning.

Our career as juniors was one continual blaze of glory. We practically supported the whole school. Without our assistance any new scheme was doomed to failure, but if we chose to lend our aid and sup-

port to each new project it was assured of complete and overpowering success. In athletics '02 outdid the whole school. Ryan, Geoffrion, Barker, Burdo, Church, Hardy and Grubb, all of '02, made the football team what it was. The flower of the baseball players was represented by Barker, Burdo, O'Brien, Church, McCue and Darch from '02. The debating club was also composed largely of '02 members, and on the prize debating team it is generally admitted that Clayman of '02 did the best work. The glee club would have been an impossibility without '02.

Our first regularly conducted class meeting took place Sept. 12, 1901. It was marked by the absence of that childish wrangling which has generally characterized the first meetings of other classes. Everything went off smoothly; there was nothing to detract from its success, although several unused balloons marred the beauty of the assembly hall the next morning. Hubbell easily, perfectly and satisfactorily illustrated "the divine right of presidents." Other meetings were held and class pins and colors were chosen (by whom is not known). We gave two parties at Wallace Hall, music being furnished by the popular pianist, Ezra P. Coleman, and one at Whalom. Each of these was such a tremendous success as can never be surpassed.

Early in our Junior year an organization was formed, in our class alone, such as the whole school has never before been able to support. This was the High School Drum Corps, which later developed into a circus band. It is doubtful if such a talented band of musicians will ever again be collected. It was composed of the following '02 men: Geoffrion, Clifford, Hubbell, Knight, Smith, Bonney, Percy Fisher, Charles Fisher, Stewart, Bogart, Henault and Kim-

CLASS HISTORY.

ball. How long and glorious its record was can be ascertained by reading the "Rajah" of that period.

But the sure, steady progress which we made in the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years was only a stepping stone to that befitting climax, our Senior year. Our existence in that halcyon state was one continual blast of fame; over the school we ruled like czars over their vast domains. Only once did the rebellious Juniors try to shake our firm sway, with such appalling results that they were awed by our truly magnificent appearance and the brilliancy of our deeds. There were not a few incidents well worth recording which we leave out for lack of space. For instance, the valentine we hung "Father" Nolen, our senior sleighride and Whalom episodes might furnish articles interesting enough to be read with wild eye and 'bated breath.

Doubtless you will now say that this history is like any other class history—that's a little hot air. Readers, don't show your ignorance, but think thusly:

The class of 1902 *can't* boast. There is no honorable deed, great or small, which '02 cannot perform. So this history is but a modest record of one or two of the least important things which have happened during our existence, for if we were to mention our more important doings you would think that we were trying to impose upon your credulity.

Good-bye, friend Sophomore and jolly little Freshman. Here's luck to you, you poor, misguided baby Juniors. Good-bye to all. *Au revoir*, Mr. Cobb.

Football.



AS the season opened there were grave doubts as to whether there was any possibility of having a team, there being a great lack of suitable material with which to form a good one. The manager, Grubb, '02, and the captain, Hardy, '02, persisted, and, thanks to them, sufficient interest was raised in the school, or rather in the class of '02, to compose a team.

Among the candidates there were many last year's players, including Hardy, who did the best work, "Giant Barker," "Big Geoffrion," Church, and slow but sure Knight. Among the underclass men, little "Duke Rich" showed up at quarterback, and Burns as half-back. Murphy, '01, was also to be congratulated for his clever work.

Our first victory was a defeat. We played at Cushing academy, where we were treated like gentlemen, but kindly shown our slight defects. Sheehan, star tackle of Brown's '00 team, and also of F. H. S. team of '97, volunteered to coach us, and coach us he did. After a week of hard practice we played the Gardner team and lost, but through no fault of ours, having been treated very discourteously by a series of foul decisions.

FOOTBALL.

Four days after this we administered to the plucky Leominster team a defeat, which was retrieved by them on the following Saturday at Leominster in a game fairly and honestly won. Then came the second game with Gardner, which we won, 11-0, in first half of first half, for after ten minutes of playing Gardner retired from the field, fearful of a heavier defeat.

A week later we played our last game of the season with Ayer high school, whom we defeated, 12-0. This left the team just even, having won three games and lost three.

The schedule of the games is as follows:

Sept. 28.	C. A. 27, F. H. S. 0.
Oct. 5.	G. H. S. 17, F. H. S. 0.
Oct. 9.	L. H. S. 0, F. H. S. 7.
Oct. 19.	L. H. S. 5, F. H. S. 0.
Nov. 2.	G. H. S. 0, F. H. S. 11.
Nov. 9.	A. H. S. 0, F. H. S. 12.

The positions were:

L. E.	L. T.	L. G.	C.	R. G.	R. T.	R. E.
Golding.	Ashline.	Geoffrion.	DesRivieres.	Walsh.	Barker.	Murphy.
'04.	Knight (sub.)	'02.	'04.	'03.	'02.	'01.
			Q. B.			
			H. Rich.			
			'04.			
L. H. B.				R. H. B.		
Burns.				Church.		
'03.				'02.		
			F. B.			
			Hardy.			
			'02.			

Baseball.



DIDN'T we have a dandy team, though! What superb fielding! What perfect pitching! How safe and sure our batters were! It is no wonder that we won almost every game we played. Among the four who may be classed as excellent are George Cogswell, McCue, Rich and French; among those who were still better are Frank Cogswell, O'Brien and Barker; among the perfect ones, Murphy and Burns. We certainly showed Murdock how to play and gave Cushing a hard rub. Class of 1901, why didn't you get out a team like that? Class of 1903, try to imitate our example.

Among those who assisted materially in getting together and coaching this good team we have to thank the captain, Waldo Barker, and our umpire, Charles Sweeney, '00, whose just decisions made him everybody's friend. For the first time in the school history we interested the entire faculty in the national game. Perhaps this accounts in some measure for the numerous brilliant plays, for there certainly were a great many.

BASEBALL.

The year's schedule is as follows:

- April 5. "Preps." 10, F. H. S. 17.
- May 3. Murdock Academy 4, F. H. S. 8.
- May 10. Lawrence Academy 13, F. H. S. 9.
- May 17. Keene H. S. 3, F. H. S. 10.
- May 21. Orange H. S. 5, F. H. S. 15.
- May 24. Murdock Academy 6, F. H. S. 11.
- May 28. Lawrence Academy 2, F. H. S. 5.
- June 7. Keene H. S. 9, F. H. S. 4.
- June 12. Cushing Academy 10, F. H. S. 7.

Notice predominance of '02 men in the team:

Barker (captain), catcher; Burns, '04, pitcher; O'Brien, '02, first base; Rich, '05, second base; McCue, '02, third base; Frank Cogswell, '02, shortstop; Murphy, '01, left field; George Cogswell, '04, center field; French, '03, right field.



Wright, Kay & Co

Lambda Sigma Fraternity.

Oh, happiest they, whose early love unchanged,
Hopes undissolved and friendship unestranged,
Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes and friendship centering all in thee.

—Holmes.

SINCE its founding, Zeta Chapter of Lambda Sigma has given several private parties, which have been in every way successful, and which have done a great deal toward establishing the reputation of the Chapter upon a firm and lasting foundation. In the early part of May, 1902, the members of Zeta, together with members of other Chapters now attending college in New England, held their first annual banquet and reunion in Boston, which was the occasion of a great awakening of fellowship among those present.

It is our cherished ambition to make the name of Zeta Chapter of Lambda Sigma synonymous with all that is best and highest in the mind of American youth, as well as to create a higher ideal of manhood, and in so doing to bring all honor to the dear old school which has sheltered us since the founding of our Chapter.

Our Chapter Roll.

Alpha, . . . Central High School, . . . Detroit, Mich.
Beta, . . . East Denver High School, . . Denver, Col.
Gamma, . . Ithaca High School, . . . Ithaca, N. Y.
Delta, . . . East Side High School, . . . Saginaw, Mich.

LAMBDA SIGMA.

Epsilon, . . .	Minneapolis High School, . . .	Minneapolis, Minn.
Zeta, . . .	Fitchburg High School, . . .	Fitchburg, Mass.
Eta, . . .	Williamsport High School, . . .	Williamsport, Pa.
Theta, . . .	Bay City High School, . . .	Bay City, Mich.
Iota, . . .	Duluth High School, . . .	Duluth, Minn.
Kappa, . . .	Elmira High School, . . .	Elmira, N. Y.
Lambda, . . .	Steele High School, . . .	Dayton, O.
Mu, . . .	Central High School, . . .	Washington, D. C.
Nu, . . .	Binghamton High School, . . .	Binghamton, N. Y.
Omicron, . . .	North High School, . . .	Columbus, O.

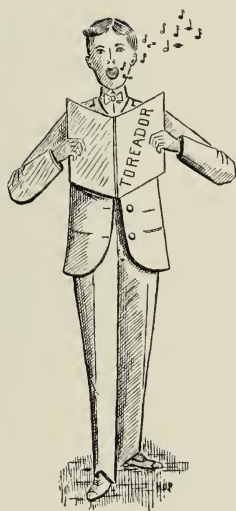
Alumni Associations.

University of Michigan Alumni Association, . . .	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Detroit Alumni Association, ...	Detroit, Mich.
Saginaw Alumni Association, ...	Saginaw, Mich.

Members of Zeta Chapter.

1900. Roy W. Lord,	1902. Harold B. Eaton,
Richard H. Miller.	Eugene Munn,
1901. Henry A. Frost,	Roland Dempsey.
Lester A. Stone,	1904. Carl Joel,
Charles E. Pethybridge,	Arnold Dickinson,
John R. Ballou,	Walter Shanks.
A. B. Sherman.	1905. Harold Cross,
1902. Henry S. Hubbell,	Philip Stone.
Guy R. Lowe,	

Glee Club.



THE Glee Club made its débüt at graduation. Since then it has appeared five times in public, and has never as yet been hissed off the stage. A collection of missiles, however, has been picked up on and about the stage and is at present in Mr. Hitchcock's office, where each article may be identified and claimed June 31. Aside from personal property, such as knives, shoes, stickpins and "one purse containing a small sum of money," the collection includes several petrified buns from the lunch counter. These may be had, three for one cent, Proctor.

The club membership was necessarily limited for the sake of uniformity. No boys were eligible if less than two feet six or more than six feet two in height. Guy Lowe objected to "The Three Glasses" as an immoral song, but Geoffrion held that as long as there were only three, the song was strictly temperate and rather set a good example. He went on to say that in his experience it was the *thirty-third* glass, etc. The club narrowly escaped serious trouble on this question. Lowe's position was warmly supported by Stuart Knight, Clifford and Connor, while

GLEE CLUB.

Pethybridge and H. Merriam approved of Geoffrion's ideas. The city settled the question by voting license.

The club has twenty-four objects—twelve tenors and the same number of basses. This includes Newcomb. During the performance of any concert piece every member is expected to sing in one of two keys. No room is allowed for individuality on this score. Close harmony is not forbidden, but is rather frowned down upon by public sentiment in the club. The members composed a little sonnet which deals with "Our Director" (Cobb)—

"At each re-hear-sal,
And on every chance,
You can hear his bellows roar"—

which they sang with great glee.

At 1902's graduation last Wednesday, the glee club celebrated its first birthday. Here's to its long life!

Members.

TENORS.

Ralph W. Cushing,
Ralph H. Fales,
Joseph V. Flynn,
Edmund W. O'Connor,
Edward F. Lee,
Richard H. Patch,
Thornton K. Ware,
Robert L. Littlehale,
Guy H. Newcomb,
Leslie J. Mossman,
Harry C. Merriam,
Stuart W. Knight.

BASSES.

Walter B. Clifford,
Charles W. Cobb,
George H. Cogswell,
John Connor,
Roland L. Dempsey,
George W. Fitzroy,
Guy R. Lowe,
George H. Miller,
Charles E. Pethybridge,
Howard B. Ross,
John G. Woollacott,
V. O. Geoffrion.

The Gardner Party.

ON All Hallows' eve our estimable Gardner friends invited us to their Hallowe'en party, as did their predecessors our antecedents. Remembering the wonderful tales of cordial hospitality related to us by the class of '01 on their return from a similar gathering last year, over sixty of our class, accompanied by Messrs. Hitchcock and Obear and Misses O'Toole, Fitz, Spaulding and Briggs of the faculty, boarded our special double truck at Union square. We all "piled on," bedecked with chrysanthemums (our class flower), amid vociferous and exultant cheers of enthusiasm. Nothing happened of note on the way up until Church, moved by a happy inspiration, distorted our noble motto, "*Vincit, qui se vincit*," by shouting, "Wink it, Casey, wink it." This was the signal for a general outburst of witty yells of divers sorts and kinds. The more sensible of the boys, however, soon quieted down to listen to Clifford's new stock of funny stories.

At Gardner a delegation of seniors met us and escorted us to their Alma Mater, where we were accosted by a young lady who labelled us with slips of paper bearing our names. The same fair lady confessed that we were the handsomest lot of boys she had ever met. The elevator being out of order we walked up to their hall, which was very appropriately and tastily decorated with bunting and wee jack-o-lanterns here and there. An old crone sat in

THE GARDNER PARTY.

one corner telling fortunes. Later in the evening she asserted that Miss Wallace was to live out a life of single blessedness and die a Salvation Army captain. Needless to say, Ruth did not smile the rest of the evening. Mr. Obear, who had been rather quiet all this time, was suddenly approached by Miss Potter, who cried, "I want you, Mr. Obear!" Whereat, Mr. Obear responded sadly, "You can't have me, I'm already engaged. It will come out in to-morrow night's paper." Aha, William! That explains your furrowed brow and clouded mien. Household cares already, eh? Making an effort to be merry, he was pounced upon by a blooming Gardnerite, who whisked him away to a secluded, dark corner. What they said and did is—none of our business. We noticed going home, however, that although his hair was a little ruffled, nevertheless he was smiling and very pleasant. Mr. Hitchcock, who, as becomes the stern parent of a growing family, had remained dignified and calm, at last gave up the ship at the irresistible attack of a blonde charmer, who hustled him away and made him smile—actually smile—three times in the same evening. There were others who followed their principal's example, notably Miss LeMay, Miss Dole, Miss Hackett, Miss Nichols, and Donnelly, all of whom appeared at school the following day with a G. H. S. pin conspicuously displayed half-way between the belt and shoulder on the left side.

The party broke up only too soon, and with Messrs. Hitchcock and Obear finally rescued we interchanged yells, good-nights, hand pressures, and k—ookies. On the way home yells were given in honor of Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Obear, "The Faculty," "Geoff's moustache," "Those pretty little Woodward girls," "Damon's Dimple," "Effie Waddles," and last,

THE GARDNER PARTY.

but not least, nine rousing "rahs" and a "tiger" for the "twins," as a gentle reminder that their arrival here on earth was yet fresh in the memory of their father's loving pupils.

A few months after this pleasing and hearty reception we endeavored to repay in some way the kindness of our hosts by inviting them here to Fitchburg, Feb. 15, 1902. Whether they enjoyed themselves here as well as we did there, we leave it for them to say. But suffice it to give the following advice to the coming seniors—that, slow as you are, poor children, you have only to invite Gardner high school, class of '03, to have the liveliest, merriest, pleasantest time of your lives.

Chronology.

SEPTEMBER.

3. School reopens.
13. Fraternity party at Whalom.
"Paradise Regained." Geoffrion's return to school. (For the benefit of the undergraduates we will say that this is quoted from '97.)
17. McKinley Memorial exercises.
24. Clifford, '02, and Sheehan, '01, try to chew "B. L." Disastrous results.
26. Miss E. A. H. Sleeper's red shirtwaist proves attractive to an innocent "bovine."
27. WE are appointed.
28. Cushing 27, F. H. S. 0. Tough prunes. Newcomb, '02:
"How I wish I hadn't drunk that cider."

OCTOBER.

2. Irene vaults a tennis net. Oh!!!!
5. Gardner game. 17-0. Boo-hoo!
7. Walker takes off his necktie in the Assembly hall and leaves it on the floor. This is a take-off on Walker.
9. Leominster with Fitchburg at Circle street. 7 to 0. Shake, F. H. S!
16. Fairbanks, '02, recites in Latin.
21. Leominster plays F. H. S. at Leominster. L. H. S. 5, F. H. S. 0.
Newcomb smokes a two-cent stogie.

NOVEMBER.

1. Obear's engagement is announced. Accept our heartfelt consolations, Willie.
2. Game with Gardner. F. H. S. 11, G. H. S. 0. Squealers!
7. Religious discussion in Miss Sleeper's. H. Merriam finds use for his pocket Bible.

CHRONOLOGY.

9. Game with Ayer. 12-0. Cinch.
15. Lawrence, '01, speaks to a girl.
19. Irene climbs up a stone wall. Nolen comes to the window to "have a look."
22. Senior reception.
Waggoner cutteth ice with Helen, whereat Hosmer waxeth wroth.
26. Burmeister piano recital.
27. Senior class party.

DECEMBER.

9. The Seniors have a sleighride.
Cobb holds a good hand, passed in by Miss Stella Woodward.
16. Knight brings a dog to school. Note—"Birds of a feather flock together."
20. Huroo! Christmas vacation.
Closing exercises.
23. Fraternity dance at Wallace hall.
31. Irene's party begins.

JANUARY.

1. Irene's party ends.
3. Second of the series of high school concerts.
11. Knight does afternoon work to raise his marks.
18. No school.
19. No school.
23. Walker again loses his necktie. Borrows one of the janitor.
31. Glee club concert. Long life to Herr Cobb and his enterprise.

FEBRUARY.

14. Third high school concert.
15. Senior reception to Gardner Seniors.
21. Father Nolen is pleased with the (blue blood) valentine sent him. Miss Lowe, however, is greatly offended.
Last day of term.
Juniors hold a "kids'" party.
25. Seniors hold a second sleighride.
Father Nolen noteth a sparrow's fall.

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MARCH.

5. School committee meeting. We notice that the teachers be-
have better the next day.
18. Seniors excluded from the building until further notice.
19. Banty calls out the hose department.
21. We inspect the girls' gym. class. How nice! (?)
25. Senior boys play marbles. "How dear to my heart are the
games of my childhood."
27. Miss R. Woodward performs an astonishing act on the par-
allels.

APRIL.

1. Prof. Hartwell, on duty in the Assembly hall, humming, "Thy
Sentinel am I." (Note: No alarm clocks.)
2. In the trig. class, Hubbell, '02, knocks out Sherman, '01, in
one round. Cobb and Hitchy congratulate Hubbell.
4. Preps. 10, F. H. S. 17.
10. Edict of expulsion goes in effect again, per order Father
Nolen.
12. Miss Irene Lowe makes a very successful attempt to stand
on her head after alighting from a "jinrikisha." Full par-
ticulars from Mossman.

MAY.

3. Murdock academy 4, F. H. S. 8.
7. Misses Irene Lowe and Ruth Woodward come in late at
recess. O'Brien and McCue ditto. Suspicious.
10. Baseball at Groton. Lawrence Academy 13, F. H. S. 9.
13. A consultation between Proctor and Prof. Hitchcock, which
results in the latter's purchasing one bun, price \$.01.
14. Hazel Damon shines in amateur theatricals.
17. Keene H. S. 3, F. H. S. 10.
Concert at city hall by High School Chorus. Cobb springs
his new bow.
21. Baseball at Orange. O. H. S. 5, F. H. S. 15.
22. Juniors make a childish attempt to put up a class rag. It
stays up nearly fifteen minutes.
24. Murdock Academy 6, F. H. S. 11.
Laurel party. Miss Sleeper monopolizes the lunch baskets.
The rest go hungry.

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- 27. More Junior childishness. We pull down their flag and administer to them a lesson that they will remember to the last syllable of recorded time.
- 28. Lawrence Academy 2, F. H. S. 5. We're getting used to these victories.

JUNE.

- 7. F. H. S. 4, K. H. S. (with four professionals) 9.
- 12. F. H. S. 7, C. A. 10.
- 14. Newcomb completes his one hundredth successive night on Mt. Vernon street. Ruth asks him to come one hundred more. This is quite different from Netty, isn't it, Guy?
- 15. The "Red Cross Boat" is lost in the thick Whalom fogs. "Water all around them and not a drop to drink."
- 16. F. S. C. dance at Whalom.
- 25. Graduation.
- 27. Promenade.

Basket Ball.

FOR the past three years basket ball has held a position among other sports of the school. Although the excellence of all the teams cannot be denied, it is safe to say that neither of those of the two preceding years surpassed that of the present. A lack of school interest and support was evident from the first, and the team was formed without action of the Athletic association. Much credit is therefore due to the individual players who met, organized, practiced, and became a well-trained team.

The team was very ably captained by H. Rich, '04. Hardy, '02, as center clearly demonstrated his right to that important position by his fine playing, while the work of Barker, '02, as forward was all that could be desired. Burns, '04, and T. Rich, '03, both did excellent work as backs. Substitute Clifford, '02, was not found wanting in any point.

As we came in contact with some exceptionally strong teams, our few defeats in no way count against us, but rather show the merit of our team.

The Games.

Dec. 10.	Leominster H. S.,	21	F. H. S.,	9
Feb. 28.	Cushing Academy,	21	F. H. S.,	9
Mar. 5.	Leominster H. S.,	14	F. H. S.,	31
Mar. 12.	Cushing Academy,	23	F. H. S.,	29
Mar. 14.	Fitchburg Business Men,	23	F. H. S.,	20
Mar. 21.	Fitchburg Business Men,	10	F. H. S.,	11
Mar. 28.	Fitchburg Business Men,	3	F. H. S.,	18
		115		127

In Memoriam.

DURING our four years' course we have lost three of our number by death—Carl C. Crosby, John Shannon and Wallace C. Albee. Carl Crosby was a bright, active boy, greatly beloved by all who knew him. John Shannon was quiet and faithful and won the love and respect of teachers and pupils. Wallace Albee endeared himself to all by his gentle manners and kindly disposition. The circumstances of his death were peculiarly sad and the sympathy of the whole community went out to his bereaved mother. We have missed these three classmates and we remember them lovingly to-day.

Class Prophecy.

WHEN I was asked to write the Class Prophecy, I was not a little troubled, as it was not the easiest task, but after a little hard thinking the idea suggested itself that I build a bonfire on a dark night and gaze into the flames as they formed and melted away into weird, fantastic shapes and figures, striving therein to read the future. So, taking fuel for the fire, pencil and paper to jot down what I read, I adjourned to the back yard one summer night about 10.30 and proceeded to business.

Have you, gentle reader, ever tried to light a bonfire? Have you ever noticed how persistently the smoke arising will follow you about, filling your eyes, nose and mouth with its invigorating presence? That is precisely what the smoke from this particular bonfire did to me, so that I was forced to retire from the field of action, gasping for breath. In my haste, however, I brought up heavily against a clothes-line post. I thought of several epithets I might very appropriately use on this occasion, but, being of a somewhat religious bent, I resisted the impulse, and, after counting twenty, simply said, "Pshaw." This I ejaculated with a vim that astonished even myself. At the sound of my exclamation the smoke cleared as though by magic and I read in the new-born flames, as they wrestled and twisted, the name Ellen E. Shaw, which melted away, only to be followed immediately by a picture—a fac-simile of Room 28, with one exception. Gone was our

dearly beloved "Frenchie," and in her sacred chair was seated, with worried brow and tired look, a person whom I recognized as "la petite Shaw." I dared look no longer at the picture, so pathetic.

When I looked again it had changed to a Woman's Rights convention. A bloomer-bedecked dame was excitedly speaking. I looked more closely, and, sure enough, it was our own Elsie P. D. Q. Damon, who to all appearances was trying to inaugurate a society for the suppression of "Men's Rights." Glancing up the row of grim, blue-goggled delegates, my eyes stopped at a sign, "Fitchburg Division," about which were grouped many "new women." Some demure matrons, others, alas! hard-faced old maids, who were watching their leader with eager and applauding eyes. It was the "DAMON GANG," for once not all talking at the same time. Amongst them I recognized Mabel Miner, May O'Neill, Honora Shea, Jessie Andrews, Maud Ellis, May Johnson, Mary Walsh, Annie Courtney, Agnes Flynn, Mary Gernberg; likewise the smiling face of Margaret Lowe, also Annie Dacey and Molly Gilles, still inseparable, the benignant Lucy Goldsmith Bailey and the witty Rena May Lowe. My eyes were moist with tears as I watched the picture of these misguided mortals slowly fade away to give place to a more cheerful one—an opera house. Outside was billed "Carmen." Inside, a noted "basso profundo" had just finished a superb solo—a masterpiece. The audience was wild with enthusiasm. "Encore! Encore!" it was yelling. Suddenly all was hushed as a gaily costumed Spanish cavalier appeared, bowing deep and low. The delighted audience called out, "Bravo, Signor Connoretti." I knew better, however,—'twas John P. Connor, F. H. S., '02.

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The next scene was in a freight yard. Two ragged looking "hoboes," seated, with legs dangling, in a freight car, were munching a scanty supper. One appeared tall, and in spite of the fuzz on his chin, quite young—the other shorter and stout looking—a couple of sturdy vagabonds. They were gesticulating, one with a piece of pie, the other with a frankfurter. Listening involuntarily I recognized the voices of Knight and Geoffrion in the customary religious discussion and I seemed to hear, "I tell you, there were more than two rats on the Ark; there were forty-seven"—when the interior of a street car became visible in the changing flames. "Fares, please," a familiar voice seemed to say. A sprightly youth entered, all brass buttons and importance. George Harris had attained the one ideal of his life. He had become a street car conductor.

The ensuing scene depicted the green side hill on which are situated the Alpine golf links. An aged couple were wearily toiling up the farther end of the course to play a championship game. The heat, however, was too much for the woman and she suddenly fell fainting. The gray-haired old man, kneeling in agony at her side, chafed her hands in the vain endeavor to restore her to consciousness. When he realized that she had fainted forever, uttering a cry, he fell prostrate at her side.

So died the valiant Hubbell and his faithful spouse (Miss Dickinson), on account of the continuance, at the age of eighty, of their mad infatuation of younger days for golf. Poor things! Copious tears were shed over this sad scene.

With a sigh, I stirred the fire, which was getting a little low, and wiped the tears from my eyes to see more clearly. In the flames appeared an old maids'

hall, with worsted mottoes over the door, "No place like home," "What is home without a *father*," etc. The inmates were at supper. A sort of pitiful despair was marked on their faces, as they ate, and our class was well represented. I recognized our gay Maud Lamson; the erstwhile dashing and brilliant Clara LeMay; the staid Misses Scarborough and F. Smith; the solemn Miss Scripture; together with Misses Hayes and Stockwell. How pathetic it was to see the lonely creatures, whose once aspiring ambitions now rose scarcely above their knitting. Only one of that aged group seemed to take the slightest interest in the world at large. This was Hollace Bigelow, who was writing a personal narrative entitled, "Sir Dobber Fields and the Maid." "Heavens," I muttered, "I seem to get only pathetic pictures out of this fire to-night." Adding more fuel I prayed for better luck.

When the smoke had cleared I perceived that my prayer had been answered, for I saw men rushing hither and thither in a busy office. Messenger boys were running in and out of the office door, telephone bells ringing, postmen coming in with loaded bags—why, the scene of bustle and activity nearly took away my breath! Suddenly I perceived a sign conspicuously displayed over the office door, which read "O'Brien and McCue Co., Mfrs. of the Popular Short Recessly Smoke Cigarettes." I smiled, and the scene changed. (Not because of the smile, but of its own accord.)

Again I smiled, for it was on the ticket box in front of a gaily-colored circus tent that I found our class orator and debater, Samuel Claman. In stentorian tones he appeared to be declaiming the merits of a particular side-show with which he was con-

nected. My ears caught the words, "Right this way! Ladies and gentlemen, right this way! Five cents, a nickel or a half dime!" The picture suddenly changed to the side-show tent, with the melodious (?) strains of the circus band forming beautiful chords of the dominant seventh, with the squalling of babies and other nuisances. It was pictured with such reality in the red flames before me that I fancied I could actually hear them. At the lower end of the tent sat two familiar figures, at the feet of whose respective chairs I perceived placards which read,—one, "Signorita Marthora Stymsonibus, the only female living skeleton in the world," the other, "Mlle. Gertie Joslyne, India rubber woman."

Here the flames became less red, and there appeared a bride daintily dressed in white, with a spray of orange blossoms over her left shoulder. The groom bore himself manfully through the trying ordeal. I seemed to hear the minister say, "Richard Burnap, do you—" to be answered by a full-toned "I do." He continued, "Mary Olmstead, do you—" only to be answered by an *eager* "I do." I lay back and roared. And ever and anon, as I stirred the glowing embers, strange new visions flitted before my astonished eyes.

In the pulpit of a magnificent church a venerable gentleman in clerical garb was addressing his crowded congregation. My eyes became riveted upon his calm, benevolent countenance, which expressed a sweet, charitable nature. Then I seemed to catch the gentle flow of words, as he began his sermon. "My friends," said he, and my soul drank in the richness of his deep but gentle voice, "know ye that temperance is God's greatest wish." The eloquence of the appeal which followed could not fail to carry conviction to

the hardest heart. At its close an old man, miserably clad and with unnaturally flushed face, arose from his seat tremblingly, faced the congregation and stretching out his pallid hands toward heaven, spoke in a voice weakened by excesses, with tears of gladness lighting up his leary eyes, "All praise to your minister. I have been a drunkard, but I swear it now, not another drop shall pass my lips." A slight change in the position of the fire and in the minister I recognized our old schoolmate, "Chuck" Fairbanks, and in the forlorn wretch at his feet, alas! Clifton Merriam.

The scene was dark and vague and it was with difficulty that I made out its contents. It was a dingy, bare and unplastered room. By the light of the candle, which cast fitful shadows, uncanny and grewsome, over the vacant walls, I could discern an old table and a three-legged chair. An old white-bearded man sat clutching with deathly grip three or four small sacks, one of which was open; a bright yellow gleam shone therefrom. The picture explained itself. "Miser" was written in the thin pallet in the corner; "miser" on the dingy walls and ceiling; "miser" in the candle; "miser" in the feverish, enfeebled, suspicious-eyed, abject old man. The door suddenly opened and a lady softly tiptoed in. "Husband," said she gently, "You are feverish; why so ill? None will take your money." I had now recognized Floyd Reeves and his faithful, loving wife, Annie Congram. A series of reproductions of different publications next greeted my eyes. The first was an edition of *Puck* for 1920, the leaves turned to a list of the editorial staff. There familiar names appeared: Gilmore, poetry and wit editor; Sands, sporting editor; Dempsey and Waggoner, cartoons;

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and Fields, joke department. A dictionary three feet in thickness bore on its title page "Carl Walker, compiler and publisher." An edition of the *Daily Sentinel* of the year 1920, colored comic supplements, magazine sections. The entire publication was renovated throughout. Needless to add, Munn was owner, manager and editor-in-chief. "The Pack-horses of Westminster," by Florence Curtis; "My Adventures with Cupid Merriman," by Laura Brown, and "To Share or Not to Share," by Agnes Bachmann, formed three of the remaining volumes.

Highly interesting they were, no doubt, since all were founded on personal experience. Two little booklets entitled "Beacon Lights, or How to Climb a Stone Wall," and "My Correspondence with La Rue," by Irene Low, completed the series.

Quite familiar appeared the high school sanctum, the scene of few joys and many sorrows. But our highly esteemed and well beloved G. P. H. held sway therein no longer. In his sacred place, at the still more sacred desk, with wrinkled brow and stern, hard visage was—prepare well for the shock—Michael Donnelly.

Still wandering about the building, I stumbled by chance upon Room 23, and whom do you think I saw? It was not the now silvery Cobb, but—another shock—NASH!

The fire had now died out to a heap of glowing embers, with a flicker of flame here and there courageously and tenaciously clinging to life. But even from the ashes of that wonderful fire I could still conjure up visions and scenes. There was a vision of a cosy little flat of "La Cleghorn." A couple were at tea. The man was auburn haired and in him I recognized an ex-'02 man. The young wife seemed to speak,

and listening I heard, "I'm sorry you don't like my biscuits, Arthur." Holy prunes! It was Bertha Wellington, now Mrs. Davidson.

I did not quite understand the next picture. A stout hempen rope spelled out in graceful loops the word "Clifford." If any of my gentle readers can suggest a plausible solution for it, he (or she) will render me truly grateful on submitting the same for my inspection.

Once more were gaudy-colored circus tents depicted in the slowly dying fire. Again I gazed, stupefied at the side-show wonders. But this time only new faces seemed to greet my eyes. No, not all new, for in the face of the clown I found traces of Guy Lowe's features. Not all new, for posing as the \$10,000 Circassian beauty I discovered Miss Babbitt. The snake charmer was muttering original poems to her charges to keep them in a trance, and the peculiar meter of those inspirations disclosed at once to me Miss Lamb, '02, whose poems once heard are never forgotten, on account of their entirely original rhythm. Yet one more familiar face, Miss Manning's, was discovered in the fortune-teller of that wonderful side-show.

The Thanksgiving football match between Harvard and Yale. How crowded the bleachers are! How the blue streamers on one side of the field wave defiance to the more gaudy red on the other. See the excitement, the emotion, nay, the upheaval, as the respective teams come on field. Cheer upon cheer, yell after yell, enthusiastic cries intermingled equally throughout the vast, over-wrought mob, and now look! They are lined up ready to play. Breathless silence for a moment as the referee's whistle sounds sharp and clear. And then—a snap, a crackling, a

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thud, and one man breaks loose from the clustered players and darts down the field. Unanimously the sea of blue rises while strong men on the red side are weeping like babies. Cheer after cheer resounds as the Yale champion courageously and swiftly heads for the Harvard goal. What are they yelling? "Hardy, Hardy!" But a man is running to intercept him. The crimson spectators gather hope. Another snap and another thud. The Yale man is down. Who made the plucky tackle? Listen now to the frantic Harvard students. What is their cry? "Barker, Barker!" And the picture is gone.

A gaudy theatrical poster was next. It read something like this:

MR. PAUL CUMINGS

Presents his stock company for the first time
in Fitchburg, at popular prices,

SUPPORTING

The Brilliant and Versatile Young
Actress,

CHARLOTTE TRACEY,

ASSISTED BY

AMY ANDREWS,

In light, airy, graceful Buck and Wing
Dancing.

Admission, . . . 10, 20 and 30 cents.
Matinee Daily.

I smiled, and the ensuing picture developed my smile into a grin and my grin into a mighty guffaw, for I saw a suitor kneeling humbly at the feet of his "heart's desire." He had just unburdened himself with a burst of eloquence and was anxiously awaiting his reply. It came, tremulously, but with a note of gladness in it, "Yes." And here the laugh came in, for the kneeling suppliant was Arthur Ashline, and the now happy bride-elect was—Helen Woodward.

This time it is the dancing pavilion at Whalom. No longer, however, does Flanagan's stentorian voice roar forth the melancholy strains of "Sweet Annie Moore." Whose is that clarion voice which rings so clearly above the others in the latest popular ballad, entitled "My Mount Vernon Street Belle?" 'Tis Newcombe's.

This time the coals reflected the interior of a neat, comfortable looking lunch cart. It was larger than those with which we are acquainted and boasted of a kitchen with equipments to match. The portly, flaxen-haired counter waiter seemed quite happy and contented. Through the half open door that led to the kitchen I perceived the pretty, jolly face of one of my schoolmates, who was singing cheerily, yet tearfully, as she peeled the onions. And by her singing I recognized Ruth Woodward, brought to this by her passionate love for hot frankfurters (as manifested on the way home from one o'clock dances when young). Need I tell you who the fat gentleman was? It was fair—Robbins.

I fanned the fast dying coals vigorously and a lurid flame sprang up, casting a scarlet glow over its surroundings. The thought suggested blood as the picture revealed a dark, shadowy room. Four

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bearded, swarthy-faced men were plotting some dastardly deed, perhaps. Pistols, bombs, torpedoes and other mechanisms of death. They are Anarchists. Horrors! Courage, my boy, you once knew those same vermin-breeding fanatics. Can you not recognize the wild Anderson in yonder haggard face? Don't you see the genial Leahy in that next ruffian? And the unoffending Bob Holton and the still more mild Cogswell in the other two?

The next picture was nearly as heart-rending as the preceding. What is more pitiful than two grim, hard-visaged old maids, who were never satisfied with the proffered love of many suitors and who are now the subjects for many a youthful jest? Old maids who look under the bed every night, with the prayer that thereunder may be found that Godsend, a man—no particular man, but any one; whose cat is a Tom, whose coqueties are a libel on honest flirtation? Such a couple were Helen Putnam and Ruth Wallace, now lamenting in old age their too fastidious tastes of younger days. Poor things! It served you right, no doubt. Weep, now, in vain attempt to regain the forsaken Orville, or some trampled Kenneth. Oh wring those wrinkled hands, once laden with love trophies, and abjure in vain the shade of some forgotten Frost, or that sad-eyed, patient Brown. Gone are they—happy with others, no doubt. Now weep and live out your solitary lives. You'll find it's no joke. Bah!

Finally I reached the last of the pictures, which contained so many harrassing details that it would be impossible for me, poor scribe, to portray it with justice, consequently I culled therefrom a tiny novellette. *La voici!* The busy barroom was filled with idlers, drunken loafers and other such ills. The fat

barkeeper was all smiles as he watched the hard-earned coins skip into his already well-filled cash box. But trouble was brewing, for "Carrie Nation No. 2," with an assistant (Hazel Damon), suddenly swept in and, thanks to their little hatchets, the ruby liquors which decorated the showy room were soon gushing and sparkling into the city sewer. The now horrified barkeeper rushed forth to defend his precious poisons from the impetuous attack of the plucky assailant. They met face to face and the onlookers waited to see feathers fly. He eyed her fiercely while she, with hatchet raised, fell back a step. You might have heard grass grow. It was such a critical moment. Suddenly the hatchet fell with a startling clatter to the floor and the spell was broken. And then the glaring mortals fell into each other's arms. "Harry," she gurgled, "how could you?" "Lena," responded he, fervently, visions of the former presidential glory which had been his in youthful days rising before him, "I thought you had forsaken me and so I sank to this." "Never," replied she, firmly. And hand in hand they left the gilded palace of iniquity and sought the justice of the peace.

My fire was now but a heap of smoking ashes. Deprived of its heat and chilled by the cool breath of the fast approaching dawn, I gathered my effects together and thoughtfully went into the house.

Minor Organizations.

The F. H. S. is rich in minor organizations and groups. These we have endeavored to collect and classify here with their respective titles and nicknames.

The K. O. B.

K. W. Hosmer, '03; V. O. Geoffrion, '02; R. R. Walsh, '03.

The "Dicky" Birds, alias the "Knight Gang."

T. B. Sheehan (Mudge), '01, leader; R. C. Lawrence (Shelah), '01; Alfred Murphy (Josie Bughouse), '01; S. W. Knight (Gordon Demmit), '02.

The "Dodo" Birds, alias The "Brown Gang."

H. W. Brown (Fingers), '03; Ralph Estabrook, '03; Louis Moreau, '04; Jamie Proctor (Butch), '03; Porter Lowe (Prophet), '04.

The A. O. S. S.

W. B. Clifford, S. S. S., '02; R. C. Lawrence, 1st G. S., '01; Leslie Mossman, 2d G. S., '04; V. O. Geoffrion, G. R. P., '02; T. B. Sheehan, G. M. B., '01.

The Hathaway Club, alias "The Damon Gang."

Anna Dickinson, president; Edith Babbitt, vice president; Helen Putnam, secretary; Elsie Damon (The whole thing); Bertha Wellington, Hazel Damon, Florence Curtis, Frances Smith, Margaret Lowe, Ruth Wallace, Ruth Woodward, Lena Potter, Maude Lamson, Mary Olmstead, Amy Andrews, Irene Lowe, Clara Lamb, Agnes Bachmann, Ruth Hayes, Lucy Bailey, Helen Woodward, Martha Stinson.

The A. I. L.

James Proctor, president, '03; Harry Merriam, vice-president-treasurer, '02; Ralph Estabrook, '03; Louis Moreau, '04; Minot Stewart, ex-'02.

Quod Erat Demonstrandum.

Our Repertoire.

- "The second in command."—E. A. H. S.
- "Miss Simplicity."—Hollace Bigelow.
- "Foxy Grandpa."—A. Eugene Nolen.
- "Happy Hooligan."—Fairbanks.
- "Tumble Tom."—Sheehan.
- "The Dodo Bird."—Miss Stella Woodward.
- "The Gay Debutante."—Miss Stratton.
- "The Girl from Up There."—Miss Fairbanks.
- "The Rounders."—Hubbell and Sherman.
- "The Parish Priest."—Carroll Waggoner.
- "Sherlock Holmes."—G. P. H.
- "The Count of Monte Christo."—Geoffrion.
- "The Cadet Girl."—Miss Blanchard.
- "Under Two Flags."—Miss Cowles.
- "Ten Nights in a Barroom."—The A. I. L. (Banquet.)
- "The Strollers."—Clifford, Sheehan, Woodward and Lowe.

Recent Literature.

- "The Ordeal of Elizabeth."—Managing her decorating committee.
- "A Drone and a Dreamer."—Fairbanks, '02.
- "How I curl my hair without curlers."—Sherman.
- "Why I am better than you."—Hubbell.
- "My college walk."—Illustrated by C. W. Cobb.
- "Riding a Rail."—Miss E. Dam-n.

"Just a little bit off the top for me."—Miss Fairbanks.

"How I became popular" (yet in press).—G. P. H.

"What I saw at the Chamber of Horrors."—Clifford.

Miss Sleeper—"Lowe, where is your excuse for tardiness?"

Ralph—"I haven't written it yet."

Mr. Cobb—"I have a splinter in my finger."

Stage whisper from back of the room—"He got it scratching his head."

Although Hosmer is no miser, still he is fond of Nichols.

"Poetry! Thy name is often indigestion."—Miss Lamb, '02.

Mr. Woodbury—"Sheehan, what is work?"

Sheehan—"I don't know."

"A man! a man! My kingdom for a man."—Miss Cowles.

To inquirer: No, Banty H-r-w-ll and Banty Murphy are not related, except, perhaps, from a prehistoric anthropoid ape.

Merriam (telling his age to French class)—"Je suis dix-huit ânes."

"God made him and therefore let him pass for a man."—William Robbins, '02.

"With an aspect of iron that when I come to woo ladies I fright them."—Waggoner.

"He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone."—R. Chester Lawrence, '01.

Will of '02.

BE IT REMEMBERED that we, the illustrious Class of 1902 of the High School of Fitchburg in the County of Worcester and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, and cognizant that our existence as a class is soon to be dissolved among the ethereal spheres, do make, publish and declare this as, for, and to be our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Whereas, Believing that our heirs and successors, the Junior Class of aforesaid school, city, county and state have attained the age requisite to a complete perception and appreciation of the heavy responsibilities involved through such a transaction, we do hereby give, devise, limit and appoint that all our funds and properties whatsoever and wheresoever, be disposed of in the manner hereinafter designated by us.

FIRST.—We hereby leave to our said successors, the Class of '03 of the said high school, the honored and dignified title of Seniors so utterly disgraced by our predecessors, but happily redeemed by us, subjected to following conditions: That the aforesaid heirs shall keep the said title unblemished and free from contamination, and shall at the time of their decease as a class, bequeath the said title of Seniors to their heirs as stainless and untainted as they now receive it.

CLASS WILL.

SECOND.—We do hereby limit that our headquarters, being Rooms 26 and 27 of the aforesaid Fitchburg High School, be left to the exclusive use of our said heirs the Junior Class, and that the aforesaid heirs be there independent of all restraint providing that their conduct is becoming of a Senior. We do appoint that Prof. A. Eugene Nolen and Miss Alice Brown be judges of their conduct, and that any dispute be referred to Hon. George Preston Hitchcock, judge supreme.

THIRD.—We do hereby appoint and direct that the entire sum left in our treasury, amounting to forty-seven cents, be disposed of in the manner following: (Firstly.) That one-half of said forty-seven cents, or twenty-three and one-half cents, be donated to our tried and faithful servant, C. Wiggins Cobb, as a congruous recompense for his untiring labors as director of the Glee Club. (Secondly.) That in order to insure perfect peace of mind during the ensuing year at the above-mentioned High School, four and one-half cents of said funds be expended in purchasing and obtaining a gag for "Fingers" W. Brown, '03, which said gag is to be applied to said Brown on each and every New Year's Day, and to be kept on until removed, which said removal is to take place every Christmas Day following, giving him one week's free use of his tongue per annum. We think this provisosal will prove a blessing to the school. (Thirdly.) That one cent of the aforementioned funds be used to buy a bun at some recess for James Proctor, so that this same Proctor may have a square meal for once in his life. (Fourthly.) That eleven cents of the aforesaid funds be used to start an association which shall be called the Society for the Prevention of Overstudy among the high school scholars. Fifthly and

lastly). That the remainder of aforesaid funds, amounting to seven cents, be used in paying all the just debts of the present Senior Class.

FOURTH.—We do hereby direct and appoint that the Fitchburg high school building, which we have always honored and preserved whole, be forever kept intact, free from demolition and unshattered; that no proceedings be carried on within its walls which endanger the foundations of the said building or threaten the safety of its occupants; also that everything possible be done to enhance its beauty and the beauty of the surrounding grounds. With these conditions to fulfil, we do in the sight of all men leave in the care of our aforesaid heirs, the Class of '03, our beloved and most beautiful Alma Mater.

We, the Class of '02, do hereby nominate and appoint as the sole executor of this our last will and testament, our most esteemed and highly honored principal, Mr. George Preston Hitchcock.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF we have hereunto affixed our hand and seal this twenty-seventh day of June, in the year 1902.

CLASS OF 1902, F. H. S.

Witnesses :

V. O. GEOFFRION,	HELEN E. PUTNAM,
STUART W. KNIGHT,	RUTH I. WALLACE,
HAROLD O. RUGG,	LORENA M. LOWE,
SAMUEL CLAYMAN.	

Be it remembered that we, the Class of '02 of the Fitchburg High School of the State of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, do make this codicil to our will dated June 27, 1902 :

CLASS WILL.

Whereas, by said will we directed the manner in which our funds were to be disposed of in Clause Third, we do hereby make that null and void on account of defalcation of our treasurer.

Except as above mentioned we do hereby confirm, ratify and adopt all the former provisions of our former will.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by above-named testator, the Class of '02, F. H. S., as for and to be a codicil to this last and only will, in the presence of us who in his and each other's sight and presence have hereunto affixed our names as witnesses at his request.

CLASS OF 1902, F. H. S.

V. O. GEOFFRION,	HELEN E. PUTNAM,
STUART W. KNIGHT,	RUTH I. WALLACE,
HAROLD O. RUGG,	LORENA M. LOWE,
SAMUEL CLAMAN.	

Class Song.

WORDS BY AGNES P. BACHMANN.

The time has come when we must part,
The day each feels within his heart,
The needs and value of our life,
To work within the field of strife.
We'll meet again out on the plain,
And joyful, raise that noble strain,
"Vict'ry is ours!" we loudly, gladly sing,
"If first, we, in ourselves do vict'ry bring."

We'll dream upon the field of strife,
Of days gone by in our school life,
And wake, with all the strength of youth,
To give the world our life and truth.
We'll meet again out on the plain,
And sing again that grand refrain,
"Vict'ry is ours!" we loudly, gladly sing,
"If first, we, in ourselves do vict'ry bring."

Tune—"Watch on the Rhine."

Dessert.

The class of nineteen hundred and two
Is composed of scholars wondrous and wise,
But in that wonderful class are a few
Whose wisdom beyond conception lies.

Our judicious president immediately saw
That to waste such talent were a pity;
And his act has been praised ever since, for
He put them on the class book committee.

From the Junior class a cry is sent,
We want a MAN for president.

Miss fits are not so bad,
So Charles seems to think;
But if many more he had
He Woodbury them in drink.

"He knew all ancient history,
Of Greek he had a store,
And he could read, so wise was he,
All hieroglyphic lore."
—A. Eugene Nolen.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget 'em all."
—J. Rockwell.



"All things tend
By course of time to their appointed end."
—Dryden.

Dogs! Dogs! Dogs! and still they come.

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"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."—Miss Ruth Woodward.

"As mecke as a mayde."—Clifton Merriam, '02.

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and

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Fitchburg



"Obey him gladly; and yet let him know
You were not made for him, but he for you."—G. P. H.

Mr. Cobb: "I don't like my figure."

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For life is but a span."—M. C. S.

"What a spendthrift he is of his tongue."—Harold Dubblue Brown.

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“Her hair hung 'round her pallid cheek
Like seaweed 'round a clam.”—Putnam.

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Rufus—Where shall I take it to?

Irene sits "oft on a stilly (K)night."

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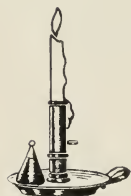


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Respectfully submitted,
THE COMMITTEE.



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And thanks his stars he was not born a fool,"—Estabrook.

She paints, but she is not artistic.—Miss Rockwell, '03.

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And glides in modest innocence away."—A. E. N.

